Stay With Us, Now

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/42562245.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	M/M, Multi
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), Polar (2019)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham/Duncan Vizla | Black Kaiser, Hannibal Lecter/Duncan Vizla | Black Kaiser, Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter/Duncan Vizla | Black Kaiser
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Duncan Vizla | Black Kaiser
Additional Tags:	Established Relationship, Polyamory, BDSM Undertones, Dom/sub Undertones, absence seizures, Professor Will Graham, Retired Duncan Vizla, Orgasm Denial, Edgeplay, Couch Sex, Couch Cuddles, Anal Fingering, Podfic Welcome, Dubious Consent
Language:	English
Series:	Part 11 of Kinktober 2022
Collections:	Kinktober 2022 Collection
Stats:	Published: 2022-10-11 Words: 4,042 Chapters: 1/1

Stay With Us, Now

by chaoswashere_X

Summary

Duncan, Will, and Hannibal are all supposed to be having a dinner date together, but Will is missing.

Hannibal sends Duncan looking, and when he's found Will in the midst of an absence seizure, his concern rises.

When Duncan returns with Will, Hannibal think of an idea to keep Will present during their "date night".

Kinktober Day 11: Orgasm Denial

“This killer’s design was to remain unnoticed; a ghost.” Will explains to his class, glasses rested on the lower bridge of his nose. “That is what excited him.”

He gestures to the screen behind him, which displays a picture of the totem pole of bodies that has been haunting Will for days.

“Until now.” Will expresses, looking around at his students, whose faces are all blurred by his glasses. But he can tell that all of his students are attentively listening to all that he has to say. “Why is he coming out into the light?”

“Will?” A familiar voice asks, there’s just a slight hint of hesitation in his voice.

In a blink of an eye, Will is alone, his students cleared out and his screen blank. He must’ve had another black out.

“I don’t want to interrupt, if you’re rehearsing, but we’ve got a dinner date to attend at Hannibal’s.” Duncan speaks, moving into Will’s classroom slowly.

“Oh, is it already time? I’m not ready. Um.. what time is it, actually?” Will questions, rubbing his hands up his face to ground himself to the present moment.

“Shortly after seven. Hannibal asked me to come retrieve you when I showed up before you, he was skeptical that you might’ve fallen victim to another absence seizure.”

“Y-yeah.. something like that.” Will sighs, removing his glasses from his face to look at Duncan clearly.

He moves over to Duncan slowly and picks up one of his hands. He’s really cold. Or maybe..

“You’re very warm, Will.” Duncan confirms.

“I tend to run hot.” Will huffs out, pulling himself into Duncan’s arms. He can feel Duncan’s arms close around him in a practiced gesture.

“I know you do. But not this hot.” Duncan supplies, rubbing his hand up and down Will’s back.

“Hannibal’s waiting for us?” Will asks, pulling back to look Duncan in his eye.

“Yes, and he’s worried sick.”

“Let’s go home. I don’t want to be here anymore.” Will admits, looking around the dark classroom.

Duncan nods, then releases the smaller man. They both make their way out of the building, a comfortable silence going between the two.

Will is thinking about how silence is always comfortable with Duncan as they take the drive over to Hannibal's house.

Duncan doesn't say much, so Will has learnt how to communicate with fewer words, and more actions. It's comforting to hang out around him.

He's near certain that this "dinner date" is going to turn into a less formal thing the second that he and Duncan arrive. Duncan will tell Hannibal how he found Will, and Hannibal will insist on moving to the smaller table that sits in his personal study for the meal. It's much more intimate, and just what Will always needs after another black out.

When they arrived, that's exactly what happened. Duncan told Hannibal how he had found Will (only because Hannibal had insisted he know, for Will's health and well being), and Hannibal moved their meal into the study.

It's cozy in the study, and Will quickly fell into a comfortable, relaxed state after they finished their meal together. Hannibal had made another spectacular, fine tasting meal for his partners. Will secretly likes to think of these meals he makes as a special way that Hannibal shows his love; his love language.

Hannibal checks up with Duncan, and thanks him for going to get Will with a kiss. It's very rare to see the two of them sharing open affection towards each other, but Will really enjoys watching it when it happens.

Both Hannibal and Duncan know that they love each other, and that they love Will, but they show each other love very differently than they do the younger male.

One way they show their love for each other is cuddling up with Will together. Hannibal and Duncan will sit on the couch, side by side and wait until Will comes over to lay in their laps.

One of their hands will almost always be occupied petting the younger male, then the other hand is almost always occupied showing some form of affection with each other.

Sometimes it's just hand holding, other times it's Hannibal playing with Duncan's long hair near his neck.

One of these times is like tonight.

The three of them cuddled up together, and sharing open affection with one another. Duncan steps out after about forty five minutes of listening to Hannibal and Will talk about their days, to take a quick smoke break.

While he's gone, Hannibal brings Will up into his lap and presses kisses into his forehead. He whispers sweet nothings to him, praises on how well he's handling the current case he's on.

But one line does catch Will off guard.

"We'll fix that beautiful brain of yours, mylimasis."

Will's eyes well up at this, and he cuddles in closer to Hannibal's chest. He's not used to his brain being called beautiful. But Hannibal has made it clear time and time again that he sees Will's thoughts and processes as works of art.

Duncan returns no more than five minutes after he left, smelling like smoke and the cold air outside. He removes his jacket before sitting back down on the couch.

Will splays his lower body out on top of Duncan, careful not to move so quickly as to irritate the leg that's still healing from a bullet wound that he received a month or two ago.

Duncan grabs onto Will's legs and yanks them into his lap, he really hates being treated like he's fragile, especially when he's injured.

Will shoots him a soft smile, an apology for his hesitance. He reaches up for Duncan's eyepatch, and he toys with the sleek band that holds it over his missing eye.

"Take this off." Will requests, not quite able to pull it off himself from his half-sitting position.

Duncan follows Will's request, revealing his mangled, scarred eye to his partners. It's a rare treat that they get to see it. Duncan only ever takes it off himself when he's showering and when he's sleeping.

Hannibal peaks over at Duncan, and he tries not to show his guilt in his face. He's told Duncan and Will multiple times that he'd wished Duncan had come home to him when this happened.. so he could save the eye.

But the young lady who was in no way qualified to do so, had patched Duncan up, and removed the rest of his eye. Don't get it wrong though, Will and Hannibal will always be in debt to the woman who took Duncan in when he didn't have the strength to as much call them to update them on where he was.

They'd been worried sick when Duncan hadn't returned home from a meeting with one of his old Damocles buddies.

"Look at me, Duncan." Hannibal requested in the open air.

Duncan turned his face, allowing Hannibal to get a look at the healing wound, and empty socket.

Hannibal reaches up to stroke the cheek just under the missing eye, he gives a soft look before he speaks. "You're healing wonderfully. Your energy is much higher now, and that's a good sign."

Duncan nods his head, and Hannibal pulls his hand away. Will is squirming in their laps, obviously affected by how much affection these two are sharing today.

Hannibal looks down at him and smirks before turning back to make eye contact with Duncan.

“You think you have enough energy to spare?”

Duncan smirks at this, then tightens his grip on Will’s thigh, obviously understanding just what Hannibal means.

“What’re you thinking?” Duncan asks in his gruff voice, he’s squeezing and releasing Will’s muscular thigh with one hand.

“Let’s give him something to hold onto reality, for tonight.” Hannibal figures, moving one of his hands up to toy with the buttons on one of Will’s ‘teacher shirts’.

“Are you going to make me draw a clock, Dr. Lecter?” Will teases, trying to keep still so Hannibal can take off his shirt. He’s got quite a few buttons off with his deft fingers, so he’s able to reach down to pinch one of his nipples.

“Not tonight.”

Will keens, his mouth open when he gasps in shocked pleasure. Hannibal grins down at him, then raises his eyes to look over at Duncan.

They share a glance before Duncan reaches for Will’s belt, undoing it with the other hand that isn’t currently fondling his thick thighs.

Duncan’s hands aren’t much larger than Hannibal’s but they feel bigger over his groin every time they touch him there.

It’s not uncommon that he’ll have both Duncan and Hannibal at the same time, but it’s not common either. Their sex drives are all very high, and Duncan even admitted to Will and Hannibal that he’d hired a few sex workers during his career before he met them, but now things were different.

Duncan’s energy and sex drive have been so low since his retirement that it’s hard to corrdinate nights where the three of them are all in the mood and able.

Tonight, is thankfully one of those nights.

Will really needs his men tonight. He needs release after so much thinking.

But Hannibal and Duncan aren’t going to make it easy for him, and Will is oblivious to it right now.

Will runs his hand up Hannibal’s forearm to tug at his sleeve, Hannibal brings the hand up to pet Will’s hair, soft and gentle for now.

Duncan lifts Will’s hips easily, sliding off his jeans to let his legs breathe. Will can feel himself growing hard in his boxers, excited by the idea of having both of them to himself for tonight.

Hannibal leans down, placing soft kisses to Will’s face, then his neck, down to his collarbones. He loves marking Will here, and he does often.

It’s not visible with the style of most of Will’s shirts, so Hannibal and Duncan never feel guilty marking him there.

Duncan doesn’t work anymore, so he’s able to wear his marks anywhere he pleases. Will is a scratcher, Hannibal is a biter.

Duncan and Hannibal are both such dominant personalities that when they fuck (just the two of them), it appears like they’ve turned to their primal, more feral natures.

They’re both dangerous killers, and they get off on the battle for dominance over each other in the bedroom.

But when Will is involved, there’s no battle. They know that they’re equals in Will’s mind, so there’s no need to fight over their submissive’s attention.

Duncan’s watching Hannibal devour Will patiently, waiting for his turn to put his mouth on the younger man.

Hannibal takes his time, nipping at Will’s warm skin. On one particularly harsh bite, Will jumps away, and realizes that Duncan is waiting for his turn.

Will smiles at him and climbs onto his lap, straddling him in such a manner to present his nearly nude body to the older man.

Duncan wraps his hands around Will’s flanks, which have been exposed since his shirt fell off when he jumped away from Hannibal.

The marks that Hannibal had left are taking form, darkening beautifully. Duncan takes a moment to admire them, tracing over them with his own mouth, before he moves to new spots on Will’s chest, making marks of his own.

Duncan can feel himself getting hard, and it’s not helping that Will is grinding on him. He pulls one of Will’s nipples into his mouth, moving his hands to toy with his plump ass.

Hannibal doesn’t dare tear his eyes off of the two of them when he carefully removes his shirt, folding it gently before setting it aside on the coffee table in front of them.

“Gah-!” Will gasps at the sensations of Duncan fondling him, “I fucking love when you do that.. shhit.” He pants, grinding his erect length into Duncan’s lap.

“Such a pretty brain, but that mouth.. such filth.” Hannibal corrects, undoing his belt now that he has the opportunity.

Duncan reaches one of his hands over to take Hannibal’s belt from him, throwing it aside.

Hannibal looks over at his belt on the floor of the study, which was treated with such disrespect. Then he looks to Duncan, who is pampering Will with soft kisses to his chest.

His thoughts drain when he moves his eyes down to see Will palming at Duncan’s own belt, begging for the hardness there to come out in the open.

Hannibal's eyebrows furrow in frustration, finding that he holds the same desire. Will finally is able to get the belt buckle loose, and pulls the belt out of its loops slowly, arching his back in nerdy pleasure.

Duncan is the only one with his shirt still on, and Will is displeased by that. He loves the feeling of skin on skin, and Duncan's sweater is in the way of that right now.

He pulls at the hem of the sweater, and Duncan gets the hint, leaning forward so Will can pull it off of him.

Hannibal and Will's eyes lock onto the chest exposed to them. Duncan's pecs are well formed, but his stomach has softened so much from Hannibal's cooking that his abs are barely visible anymore.

Will leans down to kiss over a few old scars on Duncan's chest, the pinker ones are fresher, so Will tries to target the white ones.

Duncan allows him to get his fill, but only for a few moments, because he knows that Hannibal is growing impatient.

He shifts his body and grabs onto Will's torso to lean him back down into that comfortable lying position he was in earlier, spread along their laps.

Will's deep blue eyes darken in his needy arousal, looking up at his two partners with layers of desire on full display.

Hannibal is fully affected by it, reaching down to palm Will's erection through his boxer briefs. Duncan watches, spotting the exact moment when Will's facial expression turns from needy to one of pleasure.

Duncan's hand joins Hannibal's, but just a few inches deeper between Will's spread thighs. He massages his perineum, pressing fingers into Will's prostate from the outside.

He lets out a whine when Hannibal quits his groping, but it's cut short when he realizes that it's so he can strip the last piece of clothing off of his body.

Duncan lifts Will's hips and waits for Hannibal to slip off Will's boxers. They're both affected by the sight in front of them.

Will's dick is leaking.

Hannibal's nose does a pleasant twitch at the sight, smelling the salty precome. Duncan's eye flicks up to Hannibal's for a split moment.. It looks like he wants to devour Will in one piece.

Maybe another night, when there's a different idea in Hannibal's mind. Right now, this is all about frustrating Will.

Hannibal shows his eyes to Will, and he can't help but lean up to connect their lips. Duncan turns away, searching for the lube he knows Hannibal keeps around.

He finds it quickly, and coats his fingers that he plans to use, hoping to warm the lube up a little before placing them on.. and inside Will.

When he looks back to the pair, Will's head is tipped back with a groan, and Hannibal is biting softly at the column of his exposed throat.

Duncan's cock gives an insistent throb inside his trousers. Tonight is not about him, he has to remind himself.

Hannibal's dominant hand slowly makes its way down from resting in Will's chest, to Will's navel. He traces the long scar that he finds there with two fingers. Will lets out an impatient sigh, rolling his hips in an attempt to get any kind of friction towards his flush cock.

Hannibal hand moves from his navel to grip his cock firmly, not moving yet, just holding.

Will finds himself trying to thrust up into the hand, but Duncan puts a stop to that as soon as it starts, holding his hips down with his forearm.

Will whines at the loss of movement, feeling betrayed by Duncan. And he makes it known with his eyes, staring daggers into Duncan's forearm.

Duncan smiles gently, and moves his lubed fingers to press against Will's muscles rim. He can guess that he warmed it up enough, because Will makes no kind of reaction to the slick substance, just the press of fingers.

Hannibal's hand is still not moving, just holding on tight to the throbbing cock, and even Duncan feels bad for Will. But he won't let up his hold on his hips, that would make it too easy for Will.

He does, however, slip in a stiff finger past Will's rim. He basks in the small gasp that escaped from the younger man's throat.

Hannibal watches patiently as Duncan works their boy open, his own dick showing very much interest in Will's wanton noises.

"H-hannibal, please." Will groans, giving another attempt to thrust his hips up into the firm grip.

"What do you need?" Hannibal asks innocently, noticing that Duncan had slipped in another finger when he wasn't looking.

"A-ah!" Will exclaims at the stretch, but remembers immediately what he has been pleading for. "Move. Please, please. I need you to move."

Hannibal smirks down at Will, pleased by the flushed mess he finds. His curls are now damp with sweat, and his face and neck have turned red with his desire.

Hannibal moves his fist slowly, squeezing onto Will's tip when he gets there. Will lets out a long moan, his body producing more pre-come for lubricant.

Duncan works in a third finger, still avoiding Will's prostate like the plague. The younger man lets out a pained, frustrated whine.

"I know you know where my fucking prostate is, Duncan." Will barks out, whining when Hannibal's hand stops dead in its tracks.

"Apologize, that was insanely rude, Will." Hannibal insists, loosening his grip on Will, just hovering his fist over his cock.

Will can feel the warmth of Hannibal's hand radiating, and he whines another frustration before pleading, "I'm sorry, Duncan. Please, don't stop."

Duncan hums, curling his fingers up to find Will's prostate gland finally, pleased with how he was able to make him snap, even when he was distracted by Hannibal.

Will keens when Duncan's slow thrusts meet his prostate every time. It feels so right, so good to have these fingers inside him.

Hannibal grips onto Will again, satisfied with his apology to Duncan. He jerks at a fast pace now, wanting to bring Will crashing towards his orgasm. He's ready to start now.

His mouth falls agape and he stares down his body to look at the moving hands on (and in) his body before his eyes snap shut. He lets out a long groan, his abdomen flexing insistently.

Hannibal watches Will's balls carefully, waiting for his major cue that Will is close, because he can't always trust the younger man to communicate it.

Tonight, he does, just like the good slut he is.

"Shhit- I'm close" Will babbles out, his hands searching for something to hold onto as his mind gets foggy. "So fucking close."

Hannibal smirks down at Will, letting him see the mischief in his eyes before he looks up to nods at Duncan. Will's balls draw up, then everything stops.

Will practically howls in his frustration, hips stuttering to look for that big release, but Hannibal's hands are gone. And when he pushes back to try to get himself off on Duncan's fingers, he also finds their absence.

"You cruel motherfuckers…" Will laughs out, but there's no humor in his voice. He feels his climax receding by the minute. "Really? Edging? Haven't done this since my college days."

"Edging implies an orgasm in the end. Tonight, mylimasis, you will not be achieving such heights." Hannibal explains slowly, grabbing onto Will's balls roughly.

"Orgasm denial!?" Will exclaims, clearly unimpressed by this plan. "Why am I being punished?" His brows furrowing in confusion.

"You're not." Duncan reassures, bringing his fingers down to circle the muscular ring again, this time it is softer from taking three of his fingers.

“I’m not doing this.” Will insists, trying to sit up quickly, but keens back down to his lying position when the motion forces Duncan’s fingers up into his prostate.

“You know your safeword.” Hannibal insists, jerking Will again. “Use it if you want out.”

“S-sounds like either way, I get left with blue balls.” Will whines, trying to roll his hips as his desire for pleasure returns.

“Sex isn’t always about orgasm, mylimasis. This lack of release will keep you here with us.” Hannibal tries to reason, his forearm flexing as he moves his fist skillfully over Will’s cock.

Duncan’s successfully made it back up to three fingers, and now he’s pushing against Will’s prostate, actively torturing the poor man.

“You’re both sick sa-” Will’s groan catches him off guard when Duncan slips in a fourth finger. “-dists.” He spits out.

But he hasn’t called his safeword. He knows deep down that if he calls his safeword, he’ll be allowed to orgasm by his own hand… but he has to admit that he’s really enjoying this.

He’s enjoying spewing all this hate, too. It’s helping him release some of his frustrations, not only about his current situations, but about both of his jobs within the FBI.

“I think just once more, then we’ll let you go.” Hannibal explained, squeezing Will’s cockhead as if trying to milk him.

Will’s gasps take away any more rude comments, and all he can think about is his release, or rather, the lack of one.

He already feels so close, and Duncan’s dry knuckles are teasing to enter Will’s stretched ring. Duncan watches it happen, and watches Will’s reactions to it.

He doesn’t warn his partners this time, hoping they won’t notice and he’ll end up fooling them into letting him squeeze out an orgasm.

His brain goes to mush as his body tightens.

It’s Duncan that notices it this time, and he warns Hannibal quickly as he takes his hand out of Will’s body.

“He’s close.” Duncan says calmly, but quickly.

Hannibal releases Will’s cock, and it bobs in an attempt to shoot the load of semen that’s teasing to be brought up.

“What a cunning boy you are.” Hannibal praises down at Will, delighted that Will tried to get what he wanted through such cheap methods.

Will is super frustrated, but his body has gone limp with the efforts he had put out.

Hannibal leans down with a smile, kissing Will’s forehead softly.

“None of us will be orgasming tonight, mylimasis.” He whispers down into Will’s flesh, and Duncan accepts it right as he hears it.

Being together with Will and Hannibal is enough, he doesn’t need release.

None of them do.

Duncan starts to draw circles on Will’s hairy thigh, letting the moments tick by. It must be a long time, because Hannibal’s eyes fall shut.

When he notices Will’s blank stare, a moment of fear strikes his heart. He hates seeing these absent seizures. He prefers knowing that Will is in the moment, enjoying it with them.

He leans forward to get a closer look, placing his hand on Will’s cheek. Will’s eyes stay blank when Duncan starts to pet his cheek.

“Stay with us now.” Duncan mutters in the room, a tinge of urgency in his voice

Will's eyes return to the present in a snap, and he looks between his two partners, a small smile on his face. “Where else would I go?”

Duncan leans over further, and he places a soft kiss on Will’s lips. Then he leans to place one on Hannibal’s cheek, who turns his face to connect their lips. His eyes open when Duncan pulls back, and he’s pleased to find pure relaxation on his face.

They all feel sleepy in the warm, fire illuminated,
room, and they all know that they will sleep well like this.. even with their blue, neglected balls and waning boners.

They all fall asleep on the couch, warmed by each other's body heat.

They feel close like this, their love a blanket over their sleeping forms.

It feels like home here.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!